THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

BOYS AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT

Rules for Young Writers.

t. Write plainly on one side of the per only, and number the pages.

L. Use pen and ink, not pencil.

L. Short and pointed articles will given preference. Do not use over Original stories or letters only

Write your name, age and ad-plainly at the bottom of the story.

Address all communications to Uncle

"Whatever you are—Be that!
Whatever you ray—Be true!
Straightforwardly act,
Be honest—in fact,
Be nobody else but you."

POETRY. King Charles.

Faithful and true,
My little true blue,
Of a silky, wee bit of a dog;
Who joyed in my gaze,
Who lived on my praise,
Who loved in my shadow to jog.

He was measured in height By the cowellp so bright, Yet dimensions had nothing to do With the small heart so loyal, So valiant, so royal, That beat in this atom so true.

He lived little more Than half of a score, But in that brief span of life He showed his good breeding By faithfully cleaving

To the virtues with which he was rife His liquid brown eyes,

In which no disguise
Ever dwelt to mar his bright soul. Were speechful or sad, Or pathetic, or glad, As the mood pictured things to this

He togs on no more, His friendship is o'er, His small presence has left a big gap And I miss his close snuggle, His velvety muzzle, His little, confiding, soft tap.

He is under the clover,
This dot of a rover,
Who so nobly in life did his part—
And under the clover
Along with thee, Rover, Is quite a large part of my heart.
—Evelyn Mulock McGinley.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

The sun, when it crossed the equator last week on Thursday, started springtime on the other side of the globe and Lat this side of the earth open to Jack Brost, who will preside over our winter weather for the next six months, and STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE. who will see that it is cold enough and snowy enough and loy enough to satisfy the requirements of nature, although mankind thinks he could get elong without it.

In preparation for winter, the trees will spread leaves upon the ground to in, and the people began to fear of

and strength for next year's work.

By MRS. PETER.

Old Orchard or to the country. If you could come out, on some excursion day,

have not spent an August in town since absently.

weeds.
"Well, it's too bad," went on Eva,

Susan, impetuously, "that some girls have everything and others nothing at all, and go everywhere and wear pretty dresses and live in hotels had the band

plays and nobody has to work."

She sadly mixed her English in her

excitement. "I have to wash dishes and dust and tend baby every minute, most, when I'm out of school, and my best dress is nothing but an eight cent

The sun, which keeps rising and setting farther and farther south, makes Christmas in Australia just as sunny and hot and green as our Fourth of July, and it is more than likely that the Australian Santa Claus has no furs, but goes round in his shirt-

sleeves. You will notice the birds are flying about in flocks and some of them, like the goldfinches, are putting on their winter clothes, while others that cannot endure the cold are going south to spend the winter,

Some of these birds fly thousands of miles and some of them only move down a few hundred miles to milder latitudes. The hardy birds which winfor with us spent the summer as far north as Newfoundland and Labrador, and those that summered here in Connecticut will winter in New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland and Virginia.

When you hear the chickadedee calling you will know Jack Frost will soon take full charge and send his north winds to chill us.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Josephine Borovicke of Norwich; I thank you very much for my prize book The Motor Maide' School Days. It is a very nice and interesting book, just like all Uncle Jed's books. Mary E. Murphy of Taftville; Please accept my sincere thanks for the prize Maids in Fair Japan.

Frances Baker, of Norwich; I re-ceived my book and I thank you very much indeed. I have read the first two chapters and found it very in-

THE WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

1-Arlene Pearl of Augusta, Me., The Girl Aviators and the Phantom Ship 2-Eleanor Heinrich of Taftville, Madge Morton's Victory. 3-Esther Shershevsky of Norwich

The Camp Fire Girls in the Maine 4-Erie Gilbert of Danielson, Motor Maids at Sunrise Camp.

5-Mary Rybic of Mansfield, The Motor Maids' School Days. 6-Agnes M. Brown of Yantic, Motor Maids in Fair Japan.

7-Blanche Lucier of Taftylle, The Motor Maids by Rose, Shamrock and 8-Irene McCarthy of Norwich, The

Girl Aviators on Golden Wings.

The winners of prize books living in the city may call at The Bulletin business office for them at any hour after 10 a. m. on Thursday.

AWAKES.

The Shape of the Vienna Roll. When Austria was at war with the Turks the enemy lay singe to the city

starvation.

AN ASH HEAP OUTING

Two little girls sat side by side upon a battered old washboiler, in a dirty and littered back yard. In front of 'Don't break me—can't you see I am

them, fluttering her dainty skirts rest-lessly, stood a third.

"And then we are going to Atlantic Susan's hasty movements had stir-

lessly, stood a third.

"And then we are going to Atlantic City. Mother hopes to get rooms at the Mariborough Bienheim," she was saying. "And, later, we are going to Old Orchard or to the country. If you lead to the sease of t

old Orchard or to the country. If you could come out, on some excursion day, I'd go round with you," she added.

"We aren't to have any outing at all this year," sighed Lona. "There is a strike in the shop."

"Nor we either," said Susan. "My father lost his job long in the winter, the butterflies would even all in blossom the butterflies would even the clover.

"I don't see how you can stand it.

"Nor we either," said Susan. "My father lost his job 'long in the winter, and the baby has been cick so long we can't afford even to go to grandma's."

Eva whirled herself around and her bronze boots glowed beneath her pretty skirts.

"I don't see how you can stand it.

So enfully hot and stuffy in the city of the clover and gold of the clover and danger of the clover and the baby has been cick so long we would grow tall and fring the bees. Why, they could make believe it was and deep blue ceilings. They must not look at the ashes, but see only the green and gold of the clover and danger of the clover and the baby has been cick so long we would grow tall and fring the bees.

So awfully hot and stuffy in the city delion, other playmates would come—in the summer. My mother says we she hummed a little kindergarten song

folks eab't go to Atlantic City and Old Orchard."

"Is this all the place you have to play?" asked Eva, peering about curiously and swinging her school books by their strap from one side to the other. She looked rather contemptuously at the unattractive space where the rear of the two houses occupied by the families of Lopa and Susan corner-of Lona's home and paused, amazed, at the sight of the back yard.

A tangle of honeysuckle, scarlet run-

by the ash heap and numerous tin carry ners and morning glory vines climbed and palls lay near the bottomless old riotously over the shabby old walls, boiler. Bunches of eyest clover, A low fragrant hedge of sweet clover, springing from some chance seed, were dotted among its green by brilliant

brave struggle with the scarlet geraniums, in cloverly hidder tin cans, closed this novel school-

ell. it's too bad, went on self-size. Goodbye, girls. I must get carefully cleaned yard was the old carefully cleaned yard was the old wash boiler. It was filled with rich wash boiler, it was filled with rich and glowing nasturtiums over-

and dust and tend baby every minute, most, when I'm out of school, and my best dress is nothing but an eight cent lawn."

"You mustn't talk like that," said Lona, earnestly. "You have a good father and mother who are doing all they can for you."

"So has she a good father and mother who are doing all they can for her. She doesn't even dust her own room and she's quick to learn and I have to study hard. Nothing but good ever happens to her and nothing but bad to me. Father can't get work and baby is so fussy and only this morning mother gaid she was 'fraid she was coming down sic—" Susan wept in earnest. In

so fussy and only this morning mother said she was 'fraid she was coming down sic—" Susan wept in earnest. In heaping up her troubles for Lona's inspection they grew enormously. "It isn't according to Sunday school sto-

keep it warm, and the winds will whirl them around the plants to help keep them warm, and finally Jack Frost will cover a blanket of snow over the earth to protect them from his fiercest moods.

Winter time for the trees and plants is like our night time, a season of rest, with which they renew their tissues and strength for next year's work.

Starvation.

One night as a poor baker was at work in his cellar he heard a rumbling noise. Stopping to listen, he found that it was caused by some marbles rolling upon a drum belonging to his son. Curious to know what made the marbles roll, the baker put his ear to the drum, and he heard a sound like hammering. He listened again, and the cound was like that of a pick, and a thought came to him that perhaps the Turks were digging a mine under the Turks were digging a mine under the

into the dark earth. A little dande

A tangle of honeysuckle, scarlet run-

occupying a central place in this

flowed it, completely hiding its rusty sides. But in one corner, carefully guarded by a circle of solemn-faced

"What a picture!" said one of the ladies, softly, "My dears, were you working for the prize?"

ity. Springing up, he went and told head officer, but he was laughed at; ut he begged that the matter be look-d into, and it was found that he was

Then a mine was started to meet that of the Turks, and the city was saved.

After the war the emperor sent for the baker, thanked him for his service to the country, and bade him name his

The baker was as modest as he was patriotic. He only asked that he and his family should be allowed to make a broad roll in the shape of a crescent. so that the people might remember how God had saved the city from the Turks. This, of course, he was allowed to do, and to this day the Vienna roll is made in the shape of a crescent.

BLIANCHE LAUCIER.

Taftville.

The paper which most of us read every morning has probably been han-dled by one hundred men at least. The paper for newspapers and The paper for newspapers and wrapping paper is made of wood pulp. The paper that we write our letters on is made of cotton or linen rags. The paper for printing books is made

The paper for printing books is made from rags or wood.

When making paper out of rags, they are first put in a machine called the rag cutter. This cuts them in small pieces. They are then passed through a machine that gets all the dust and dirt off the rags. The men then sort the rags.

dust and dirt off the rags. The men then sort the rags, taking the cotton from the linen and the colored cloth from the white. They then boil the rags in soda and lime. This takes out the color and grease.

This pulp is then put into another machine which is in three parts. First, it bleaches them white, then it washes them; and last of all it beats them into a fine pulp; when this gets hard it is made into paper.

the became a cripple.

He replied: "I met with an accident.

Due day my brother and I went out in the country to steal some grapes and I fell off the grape arbor and splimy kneedap and haven't been able to

Ik right since then." Did you have the doctor?" I asked No." he answered. "Why not?" I asked.

"You see, my mother is a drunkard, and my Lither is dead," and while saythis big tears rolled down his checks. I relt very, very sorry for him. When

we have good fathers and mothers we don't appreciate them sometimes; but if you had my father and mother you uld be contented. 'Come with me, if you wish," I said.

He came limping along slowly, Final-we reached home. We went in slow for he had a hard time to walk. I left him in the dining room, and I exleft him in the dining room, and I exleft him in the dining room, and I exlifts father was a wool-comber. But
Columbus wanted to be a sailor. So
was. And, of course, I told her all
about it and she said she would adopt
him.

promise.
DELLA LACHAPELLE, Age 12.

him, and sometimes his grandpa him money and let him go alone he grocery store near by to spend Hermy always bought pink gum At last the time came for Mrs. Burns

and Hermy to go to Florida. The old grandparents felt very sorry to have them leave, and grandpa said he must have a photograph of Hermy to keep. So one day Mrs. Burns dressed Hermy up in his black velvet suit to take him to the photographer's; but company came just as she was about start, and she went into the partor eaving Hermy playing with the dom-

When she came back he was not to be seen. She called him, but he did not answer. She was just about to go out into the street to look for him when he came crawling out from under the bed. He had a pair of scissors in his hands and he had clipped his hair In little bare spots all over his head.
His mamma almost cried when she saw what he had done.

"You can't have your picture taken now!" she said. "You look too badly." Grandpa was very much vexed as have not spent an August in town since I was born."

"We stand it because we have to, I 'posc,' muttered Susan crossly, kicking her heels against the old boiler until it rang our tunefully, "Poor folks eah't go to Atlantic City and Old Orchard."

and number a rice kindled and sand with they could make a longer seat with that board lying in the corner—why—why—"

"Susan Hartley! Jump up quick! I have such a big splendid idea! The thoughts come so fast. I can't say 'em quick enough—I'll try to say it aloud, and you remember carefully—no have ell as sorry.
"I think I would rather have given you five dollars than had you do that,

Hermy," he said.

About an hour later the cook found Hermy crying in the back yard.

"Never mind, Hermy," she said.
"Your hair will grow out again before

"I'm not crying about my hair," sob bed Hermy. "I'm crying because I lost five dollars. I could have bought so many gumdrops with it." How grandpa laughed when he heard this! He said it almost paid him losing Hermy's photograph. CATHERINE A. DUNN, Age 10.

His Last Whipping.

In the days when Kimball Price went to school the disobedient scholars were punished by severe whippings. Kim was the rogue of the school and tried the patience of all his teachers. His teacher, Miss Pentecost, whipped him regularly three times a week. this did no good, the teacher began to get discouraged. She knew his mother pansies, grew a solitary dandelion plant, and of the once numerous family, only one ancient stalk waved a lonely and aged gray head.

"What a plant of the once numerous family, only one day he had been more trying than usual, and Miss Pentecost sent Pan White a plant of the one of the than usual, and Miss Pentecost sent Bob White to get a remarkably strong birch stick. When Bob returned she

said: "Now, Kimball, take off your jacket." He was so used to doing this he left half the buttons unfastened to save time. Then the teacher's strong stick

After school that night she told Kimball to remain. She said she had whipped him a good many times for nothing, and now she must be paid for it. She said it lamed her arm and she must have a quarter for doing so, and as with a last admiring look about, the form of a set of the port of the port

me a new dress."

"No, you don't," Kim said to himself. "Catch mother buying you a dress."

To avoid a whipping it was necessary."

soon I shall have money enough to buy

sary to study. Kim saw a chance to trip up a boy and to put a cherry into a sleeping boy's mouth, but he resisted these allurements, and lifty more, and got his lesson so good he went to the head of the class.

He never got another whipping.

When he grew to be a man he

When he grew to be a man he wanted the quarter, but the teacher wouldn't part with it, so he cut it in two and each had a half.

You see, studying is as easy as playing, and both are a habit.

AGNES M. BROWN.

A True Story. One day a little girl named Elsie

Yantic.

went to the country to live with her She was six years old when she went to live in the country. Elsie's mother had died when she was a little baby. Elsie had a big sister and brother and her father was living. They did not stay together long after Elsie's mother aunt and uncle.

aunt and uncle.
Although Elsie did not live with her father, brother or sister, she had a good and happy home in the country.
IOLA M. BUTTON, Age 12. Griswold.

An Attack by Wolves

We were at a large farm and pre-paring for a ride; we were soon ready and started early in the morning so as to have a long ride. Early in the day we stopped to rest he horses and have our lunch. After we started out a heavy snowstorm trose. Soon we became very lonely

them; and last of an into a fine pulp; when this gets hard it is made into paper.

When paper is made of straw the straw is cut into small pieces and made the same as the rags.

ERIC GILPERT, Age 11.

Danielson.

A Little Broken Heart.
One day my mother sent me to the drug store, and on my way I met a little lame boy. I stopped and thought a moment, how fortunate I was to be able to walk around and enjoy life.

So I stopped the little boy and bid him good morning and inquired how him good morning and inquired how him good morning and inquired how we would never get home. The horses could hardly walk; but in a short was were safe at home once more, were safe at home once more. could hardly walk; but in a short time we were safe at home once more, CATHERINE McD. BUCKLEY, Age 19

A Mother's Love.

A little while ago a fox attacked a lamb on one of the farms near Scarborough and killed it.

The lamb's mother was so angry that she turned upon the fox, not only defeating it, but killed it. So fierce was the encounter that the sheep roke off one of her horns in goring

the fox.
GERALD SULLIVAN, Age 10. Norwich,

Christopher Columbus was born more than four hundred and fifty cars ago in Genoa, a seaport of Italy

kim.

I went to him and told him what she said and he was glad. Tears were falling from each of our cheeks. He told us of his mother and what she did while intoxicated.

Mother told him to write to his mother, and he did the next day, and the answer was Yes to what he wrote. He was very glad. He is a big boy now. He said he would stay by mother until she dies. So far he has kept his He was very glad. He is a big boy now. He said he would stay by mother until she dies. So far he has kept his promise.

DELLA LACHAPELLE, Age 12.

How Hermy Lost Five Dollars.

When Hermy Burns was four years old his father bought a plantation in Florida and went there to live. Hermy and his mother did not wish to go with him. They went to Grandpa Hoff's to pay a visit first, for Mrs. Burns did not the Canary Islands. After repairing two of his vessels he set sail across the "Sea of Darkness," as the Atlantic can was then called, on Sept. 6, 1432.

After a very exciting voyage, at dawn on Oct. 12, 1492, land was sighted. It was not as Columbus supposed in the said was not have the formed to furnish the vessels he set sail across the "Sea of Darkness," as the Atlantic can was then called, on Sept. 6, 1432.

After a very exciting voyage, at dawn on Oct. 12, 1492, land was sighted in the said because it was so damp and wet. The might had to go part of the way down on an iron litter, then the way being steps cut in the solld rock. In the morning they would tave to come up and work in the prisoners at night had to go part of the way down on an iron litter, then the way being steps cut in the solld rock. In the morning they would tave to come up and work in the prisoners at night had to go part of the way down on an iron litter, then the way down on an iron litter

in. It curled the ringlets around his and.

His grandparents became very fond richer than the land he sought; it was America.

America,

He landed with his men and they gave thanks to God. He called the copper-colored natives Indians, and they still bear that name. as he didn't bring back much gold the people were disappointed. He died broken-hearted and in poverty.

ALICE M. GORMAN, Age 10

Versailles.

some military works which they were repairing. The weight was al-most beyond their power to raise, and Benjamin Franklin. Benjamin Franklin was bern in Boston, 1706. He was the son of a soap boller and candle-maker. His the voice of the superintendent was often heard shouting:
"Heave away! There it goes. Hoave, father was a poor man with a large family. Benjamin helped his father for a while but he did not like this kind of work: and, as he was fond of books, his father put him in a printing office. When he was seventeen he made up his mind to run away, and go to New York. tle aid. with all the pomp of an emperor, and said, "Sir, I am a corporal."
"I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal," answered the stranger, and taking off his hat he bowed, saying,

Franklin had some books which he had bought while he worked in the printing office. These were sold and with the money he paid his passage to New York by a sailing vessel. When he reached New York he could not find work so he decided to go on to Philadelphia. Franklin landed in Philadelphia on Sunday morning. The next day the young man found some work in a printing office. Six months after he decided to go back to Boston to see his friends, but he did not stay

long. Franklin soon went back to Philadelphia. In 1729, he became editor and proprietor of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin was never tired of helping himself to get upward and onward, and never tired of helping others.

He started the first public library in Philadelphia, which was the first in America. He helped to build the first academy, now called the University of Pennsylvania and also helped to build the first hospital. Franklin did many other things for the city.

the city.

Franklin invented the lightning rod. He put one on his house in Philadel-phia. His was the first lightning rod phia. His wa

When the Revolutionary war broke When the Revolutionary war broke out Franklin did great work for his country. First, he helped write the Declaration of Independence, by which we declared ourselves free from the rule of the king of England; next, he went to France to get aid for us. Franklin lived to see the revolution ended and America free. He died in 1790, and was buried in Christ

in 1790, and was buried in Christ church Burial Ground, Philadelphia, ALICE F. BURRILL, Age 16. Stafford Springs. are through breeding. EMMA GERGLER, Age 13. Mansfield Depot,

Two Errand Boys.

purchases throughout the entire city. The difference between theme was that ffenry was a bright, hustling sort of a boy, who had been compelled to leave school, and earn a living to support himself and his invalid mother. She had taught him to be honest and

Laura would answer, "No, you shan't have Agrippa!" and Ned would say again, "I will have Agrippa," and so it would go on till sometimes poor Agrippa would run away. But they always made up and were friends again.

TOMMY TIDO.

"My teeth tread on my tongue if

small, John decided that he wasn'

Scott.

His first grand literary success was The Lay of the Last Minstrel,"

spreading his fame. Scott is better known to the world

as a novelist than as a poet; and a few words descriptive of his remark-able career in fiction seem to be nec-

sketch. In 1814 Waverley was issued at Ed-

How many of the Wide-Awakes have seen Newgate Prison which is in Granby, Conn.? This prison was at the time of the Revolutionary war to put prisoners in. It was an old cop-

The ruins of the prison

was

RAYMOND CHESTER WELDEN.

The Important Corporal.

giving orders to those under him, about a heavy beam that they were

about a heavy beam that they were endeavoring to raise, to the top of

An officer not in military costume,

was passing, and asked the superin-endent why he did not render a lit-

The officer astonished, turned around

Upon this he dismounted, and pull-ed till the sweat stood in drops on his

"Mr. Corporal when you have another such job, and have not men

bugh, send for your commander-in-chief, and I will gladly come and help

The corporal was thunder struck, it

was George Washington. NOLIA JODOIN, Age 12.

Birds.

A bird will often build a nest in fruit bearing shrubs and thickets.

A great many people now-a-days are removing cavities from the trees which means fewer birds.

When locating a bird house it should be in a shady place and well sur-

be in a shady place and well sur-

rounded by twigs.

Martens like their houses built

the prevailing wind and rain storms. The interior should be so made that

forehead, and when the beam

raised, turning to the little.

I was not aware of that."

Taftville.

During the American war, the lead-

was built. are still standing

Willimantic.

this

essary to the completness of

old, received a barronetcy

eat too fast!"

Tommy Tidd says:

Richie's Dollar. Richie used to wear a silver dol-lar. It hung from his neck by a blue-ribbon. He used to bite it to make One day he broke the ribbon and down fell the dollar. A rooster, thinking it was food pecked it. He jumped into baby's carriage, tried to swallow it, but it was too big. He knocked it on the ground and it rolled sway. Nobody could find it for no knew where it had rolled.
One day Richie was big enough to walk and he found it. He was digging in the sand and dug it uo. He put it in the bank till he grew to be a man as his mother told him to de BLANCHE LUCIER.

Taftville. The Indians.

The Indians lived in North America The indians lived in North America.
Their homes were tents made of skin or bark. These tents were called wig-wams. There were holes in the tops of the wigwams to let the smoke out and they had holes in the groung for their fires.

The Indians had long, straight plack

bair, high cheekbones and wide, prominent noses. They dressed in deerskins and blankets. They were moccasins made of deerskin on their feet, and the men were feathers in their hair. The Indian children played ball, went fishing and handing and sale, going to work for a measley four dol-lars a week. This condition continu-ed for a year. went fishing and hunting and san an ddanced. They also wrestled and ran races. The girls had Indian dolls

One wintry day a vacancy appeared in the office. The foreman had been attracted by Henry's industrious ways. ran races. The girls had Indian dolls to play with.

The men did all the fishing, hunting and fighting, while the women did the work. They wore blankets, made baskets and planted the corn. When the corn was ripe they also harvested it. Whenever the Indians moved the women carried the household foods on their backs. When a woman *anted to sew she would use small bones for and so he was placed in the office.
Slowly he climbed the ladder of success until now he is at the head of the firm.

John at present is only clerk, and still grumbles at his work.

SARAH HYMAN, Age 12. to sew she would use small bones for needles and grass for thread.

The Indians killed the horses that Sir Walter Scott, the most famous of historical novelists, was born in Edinburgh in 1771, and died in 1832. He studied at the University of Edinburgh, read law, and and in 1792 was called to the bar. In 1799 he was appointed sheriff, in 1806 was mide cierk of the court of sessions, and in 1820, when he was forty-nine years old, received a harronetcy. belonged to any man who died and buried them with him. The women were called squaws and the bables paposes.

-UNSIGNED.

The Druids.

The druids were priests or ministers of a heathen faith. Their faith called Druidism, dwelt in Britain about 55 B. C. The inhabitants were then a little more civilized than the American Indians. The druids were long robes and sere very cruel because they didn't know any better.

They celebrated holy days by sacrificing animals and even human beings.

which appeared in that year and wes received with almost universal praise "Marmion," "The Lady of the Lake," "Rokeby," and other poems, were issued in quick succession, each confirming his poetical reputation and spreading his fame. These they put in wicker inclosures that the natives had made and burned them on the alter.

A mistletoe found hanging on an oak tree was considered very sarred. The druids with the people following would go to the oak. One of the druids would cut off the mistletoe with a golden knife and repeat a hely chant.

Learned to Ride a Bicycle.

Dear Uncle Jed: Several years ago when mamma and her sisters were living in Connecticut they all had bicycles, but after a few years they sold them.

After mamma was married, one aunt decided she wanted another bicycle and soon after she got her wheel, mamma and pape moved to Maine, and she came with us but of

inburgh, and instantly attracted attention. No author's name appeared on the title page, and the public was left in a state of painful doubt as to the source of so brilliant a book.

IRENE McCARTHY, Age 12. The druids also acted as teachers Their teachings were not very accurate, but were better than nothing, because they furnished something to

think about. These queer ministers had large temples of stone, some of which were surrounded by moats with quicksand in them.

The ruins of a druid temple may

be seen in Stonehenge, England. GRACE GODDARD, Age 13. Willimantic. A Walk in the Woods.

Dear Uncle Jed: One beautiful spring day, my friend and I went to take a stroll through the woods. The sun was bright and warm, and the cool breeze made it very pleasant. We saw different kinds of birds, but did not know the names of all of them. We walked on till we came to a brook that ran through the woods. Then we sat on a rock that was on the bank of the brook, watching the water run by.

was so damp and wet. They were eated very cruelly. After the war us shudder, and we left the place in ride across the lawn, and before a week was over I could turn corners ireated very cruelly. After the war it was used by our state for a prison, until the new prison at Wethersfield

spring day.

MAY RYBIC. Mansfield.

Pope.

Alexander Pope, the most eminent poet of his time, was born in 1688, and died in 1744. He was blessed with a fair share of wealth, and hved The in luxurious retirement in his villa at Twichenham.

Afflicted with a a bodily deformity,

literary pursuits.
His greatest work was the translation of Homer, which in most re-spects remains unsurpassed by any previous or subsequent version. Of his original compositions

is best known.
IRENE McCARTHY, Age 12.

belonged to the "scrubs" people who owned no slaves and not much of anyowned no slaves and not much of anything else, built a raft to carry some produce down the river to sell.

While he was looking at the work of his hands and wondering if he could better it, two men came down to the shore and, looking over the several small craft there, picked out Lincoln's boat and asked if he could take to look to the look to be the look to the look to the look to look to the look to the look to look to the look to the look to look

Lincoln sculled them out into the river and put them and their trunks aboard the steamship at the last minute reminding them that they had forgotten to pay him. Each man then threw him a silver half dollar. away from others.

The entrance of the house depends on the size of the bird. The house should be well sheltered. The root should project out to keep out the rain. The house should face away from rain. The house should face away from the prevailing wind and rain storms. The interior should be so made that it credit it that I, a poor boy, had earned a dollar in less than a day:

The grass should not be cut until the birds which live on the ground dollar."

THE LIAN M. REFERALLY.

LILLIAN M. BREHAUT. East Norwick, N. Y.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.

Baby Covered With Sores

Physician said Perfumed Pow-ders Caused It. Healed by



"I am sending you a picture of my little niece, Edith White. When only ten days old she was completely covered with little festers or sores and our physician said it was caused by a perfumed powder they were using and told them to stop using this powder and use Comfort Powder, which we did. It quickly healed the sores and her skin does not show a blemish. I have been a nurse for a number of years and can highly recommend Sykes' Comfort Powder."—Margaret E. Farley, Lowell, Mass. Not a plain talcum powder, but a highly medicated preparation unequalled for nursery and sickroom uses, to heal and prevent chafing, itching, all skin soreness. At Drug and Dept Stores, 25c. THE COMFORT POWDER CO., Boston, Mass.

when I measured them to find three

bushels of fine potatoes. ESTHER SHERSHEVSKY, Age 12

My Trip to Fishers Island.

Dear Uncle Jed: I read the WideAwakes' letters every week and I
thought I would like to write one
about my trip to Fishers Island.

My mother, brother, aunt and I left
home by trolley at 7.45 for New London. We took the steamer Kestless
for the Island, which is a very nice
sail. The weather was lovely, and
we had a delightful time.

We ate our lunch on the beach and
then my brother and I spent the day
in paddling and gathering pretty
shelis and pebbles.

We reached home at 8 o'clock, tired
but happy. My Trip to Fishers Island.

but happy. ELEANOR HEINRICH, Age 9. Taftville.

Learned to Ride a Bicycle.

Maine, and she came with us; but after we arrived here the roads were so stony and rough she was not able to ride much, but she kept her wheel; lately they have been fixing the roads and all of the children are riding bl-cycles, so I decided I wanted to learn. I got the bicycle down stairs and pumped it up. Then I took it in the yard and tried to ride, but no matter how hard I tried I could not balance myself long enough to catch the other pedal, and I had to jump off as quickas possible to save myself from

falling.
I had several different ones kolding

un by.
My friend began to tell a story about prise I was able to go quite a little made both of distance. I kept on till I was able to

Abraham Lincoln.

"The president," answered the sol-

them and their trunks out to the big was captured and shot by Boston Corsteamship coming down the river. bett on the Garrett farm, April 25th. there being no wharves in that lo-EMMA GERGLER, Age 12.

A Kind Girl.

The little girl was very sad when she heard this. She did not say anything to the man but went to his house. There she found the dog lying At first the dog would not let the girl come near him. But she was kind and gentle, and at last he let her look

week was over I could turn corners was a few early spring flowers.

I think there is nothing more interesting than a walk in the woods on a spring flow and ride pretty good.

After riding two weeks I punctured a tire and will now have to wait till spring for another one. ARLENE PEARL, Age 12.

Augusta, Me.

Dear Uncle Jed: Abraham Lincoln was born in a log cabin in the hills of Kentucky. The floor of the cabin was the earth itself pounded hard. The cracks were filled with chips and mud, for it was winter when the little boy came.
The cabin contained only one room.

touching which he was keenly sensi- In one end of the room was a fre-tive, he mingled but little in the great place which served to warm and to world but contented himself with the light the room.

society which sought him in his home. His mother taught him his letters He was emphatically a literary man, at her knee. After great struggles He was emphatically a literary man, giving his whole time and thought to man and hardships the boy graw to be a man and many years after became man and many years after became president of the United States. He was elected president in 1861. In

any 1863 he issued the emanciporation pro-clamation which freed the slaves. He the thought that if the north could get "Essay on Man" is that by which he slong without slaves the south could.
One day the president told of a strange dream: I went from room to strange dream: I went from room to room of the White House and in ev-ery room I could hear pitiful sobbing, but not a living being in sight. When I arrived in the East room I saw a body on a mattress guarded by sol-diers. I demanded of the soldiers "Who is dead?" When he was about eighteen years body on a matt bid, Abraham Lincoln, who, as he said, diers. I deman "Who is dead?"

Mansfield Depot.

Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would tell you about a kind girl. One day a little girl was out in the One day a little girl was out in the fields watching a man with his sheep. "Why have you left your dog at home?" she asked.

The man said: "My dog can never help me with the sheep again. A cruel boy threw a stone at him and broke one of his legs, I shall kill him tonight to put him out of pain."

The little girl was very sad when

on the floor. Henry and John were errand boys in a large New York department store ed at a farm house. He was such running hither and thither, carrying purchases throughout the entire city. The difference between theme was that Henry was a bright, hustling sert that Henry was a bright, hustling sert of a boy, who had been compelled to